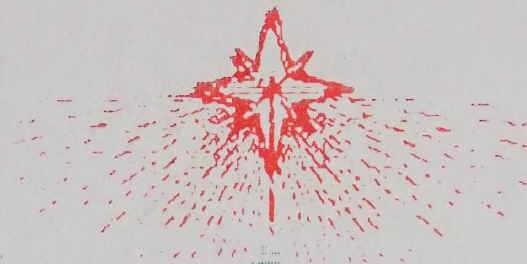


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CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

DEC 20 1990

LIBRARY



PRISONERS

wishes

for

christmas

christmas

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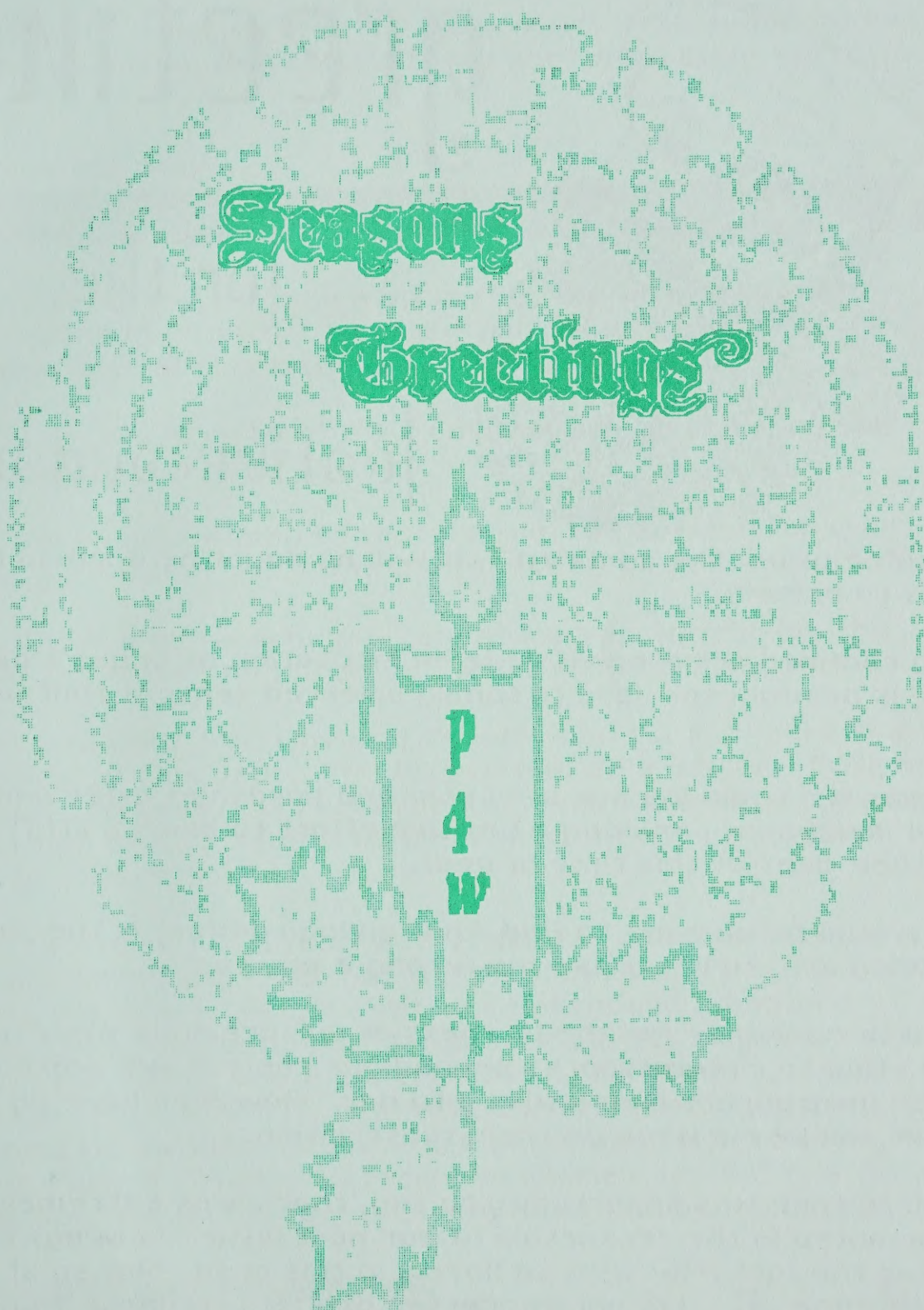
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winter
issue



Seasons

Greetings

**P
4
W**

**may your happiness and peace of mind extend far beyond
the season at hand**

greetings

for the

festive season ...

For some of us "the confined" - it will no doubt be a lonely time for us to endure.

Being confined, whether it be in an institution or in one's own mind, is painful especially to family oriented seasons that are at hand.....

Perhaps we could lay our own pain and hardships aside and look to our neighbour - making a positive effort to bring a LITTLE JOY into their lives at this time of year.

You would be amazed to find, that giving comfort is the same as receiving it. Try it - prove me wrong if you can

I wish to apologize for the lateness of our previous sum/fall issue. Due to circumstances beyond our control, we were obliged to also incorporate two issues into one. However have no fear - no one will lose a issue on their subscription.

I wish to take this opportunity to say, that I was extremely disappointed in the censorship of our past issue. I always took pride in the fact P4W was so liberal in this area. Not so at this point in time I'm not impressed and feel strongly, that when any copy is censored - you the readership should be made aware of same. This being the reason behind, I depicted the censorship of our previous issue in the way, that I did

cont....

I feel that was a major step backwards for P4W and only hope that the censorship will return to its liberal attitude for future issues....

What's the old saying -

IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT - GET OUT OF THE KITCHEN !

In this winter issue we touch upon child abuse and the adverse repercussions in an effort to make you society more aware of the seriousness of this issue.

REMEMBER - we are the abused child victims of the past - is this what you want for your future?

We are once again happy to feature our Art Section for your enjoyment together with many interesting poems and articles.

TIGHTWIRE will be launching a renewal campaign during the month of December and hope you will kindly renew same.

P4W has had their fair share of despair and turmoil over the past few months of this year. The loss of one dear sister - Carreen Diagneault can never be recovered or ever become justifiable. We miss her deeply - she was a precious individual and will always be remembered

On a positive note - it is a step forward for rehabilitation of female prisoners learning that the directives of THE TASK FORCE are being taken seriously. I wish to personally commend individuals like Bonnie Diamond and Salley Willis on their excellent efforts in this area. We must tread very carefully to ensure that these new centres will be properly implemented - utilizing the community for programs and work placement where available. We must ensure - that mini Medieval castles are not built In particular this multi level problem must not be repeated.....

Christina "Corkie" Boyland
EDITOR



farewell

I take great pleasure in advising you, my faithful readership, that this winter/christmas issue will be my last as Editor. Pleasure in the sense, I will be moving on to new endeavours. However, regretting not being associated any longer to this unique and exciting magazine.

As Editor, Tightwire was instrumental in myself achieving and maintaining a positive attitude throughout my incarceration here at P4W.

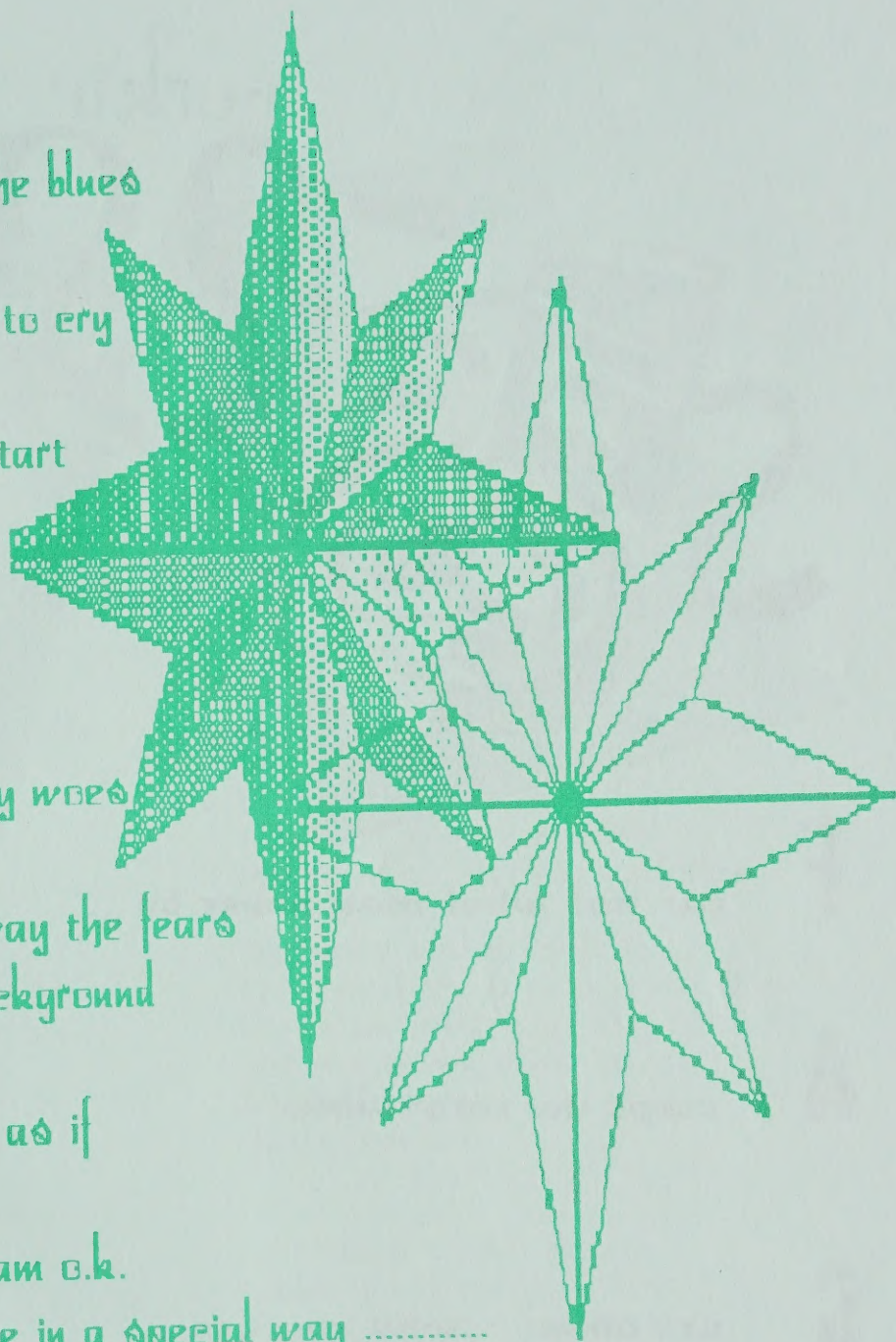
I wish my successor and co-editors all the best in the future and their own particular endeavours.

May they experience the rewarding feelings I felt during the period of my editorship.....

Take care and always remember
I Care

christina dawn (corkie) boyland

I lie down to snooze
and all I can dream is the blues
when I open my eyes
I realize I had started to cry
somewhere in my heart
I wish I had a better start
somewhere deep in my
mind
a clock starts to unwind
each second that goes
says I can give God my woes
a voice inside my ears
says God can chase away the fears
and the angels in the background
full of love
help God catch my soul as if
he had a glove
that's when I know I am o.k.
Because God saved me in a special way



submitted by

doug ernickshanks

corkie



Fear not what may never be ...

Accept the inevitable

Care about - who you are ...

Engage in honesty - where no mask need be worn ...

Savour the moment you have for you
may not have another ...

derek



Walk with me my son
I know I've not been near
Talk with me my son
I promise I am here
I need to hear you laugh
See the twinkle of your smile
I need to hold you close
If only for awhile
I want to experience all
Life's happiness and its

sorrows

Together we'll fill our days
Together we'll face
the tomorrows
Walk with me my son
Our bond is already there
Talk with me my son
With you I want to share
Walks in the parks
Watching birds in the sky
The days of your youth
And all the seasons'
that go by

I promise I will stay now
Close and by your side
I promise I will be there
In me you can confide
I know I've not been near
Myself I can't forgive
To be with you again
Is my only will to live
I ask of you forgiveness
My love so strong and true

My only wish in life
To spend my days with you
So walk with me my son
Let me wipe your tears
I'll hold you
close forever

Let there be no fears
Walk with me my son
Again I say I'm here
Talk with me my son
My darling little dear

mom

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SEX

Women working in prisons for men, men who are deprived of opportunities for having sexual contact with women; a delicate subject. Why is that? I suggest it is because the sexuality of all of Canada's Federal Prisoners is ignored by the Correctional Service of Canada; the maintaining of heterosexual relationships is frustrated by the Correctional Service of Canada, where as homosexual relationships are tolerated, as one might tolerate, charitably, the excesses of a pet, or a child. In the thirteen years I have been imprisoned I have not read about or heard of one public open discussion of the sexual needs of prisoners. The Private Family Visiting Program stresses family visiting, as opposed to private visiting. Why is that?

Prisoners, although we are denied opportunities to maintain sexual relations with our opposite sex, do not have our sexuality checked at the front gate for pick up upon our release; We Think About Sex, We Fantasize, We Masterbate, We are driven to affirm our sexual nature in an environment that is designed to suppress it. The result is sometimes comical, sometimes tragic; always pathetic. Our keepers from Commissioner Ole Ingstrup all the way down to the women and men who walk on ranges, seem to be saying: "SEX, LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT IT MAYBE IT WILL GO AWAY"

The matter of SEX in prison is not about to go away. As a matter of fact, the subject is now being raised with an ever increasing insistence by prisoners themselves. This I suggest is being done out of self-defence, especially by long term prisoners. As things stand now, people arriving in these joints with brand new life sentences and without romantic attachments that will lead to marriage are simply left to their own devices, when it comes to managing the sexual demands of their nature. What do they do? They might turn to homosexual relations to affirm their sexuality, or they might try to maintain a fantasy world of sexual relations with their opposite sex, or they might try to ignore their sexuality altogether. Most likely, such prisoners will combine in varying degrees, homosexuality with fantasies of man-woman sex and with attempts to ignore their sexual impulses. Thoughts and feelings of shame and anger, doubt and frustration inevitably result.

The observations I am making are obvious for even the least interested observer to make for herself or himself: yet within Canada's Federal prison systems ranks of employees, no one has yet squarely addressed the matter of sexual needs of prisoners. This seems quite bizarre to me when viewing the matter as a prisoner, but I must admit to finding it to be in keeping with our society's general unwillingness to discuss openly most matters concerning human sexuality.

MAYBE IT'LL GO AWAY !

contin.....

The matter of sexuality, or rather of denying a recognition of the potency of our sexuality and of denying the prominent role it plays in our daily lives has deep religious roots in our culture. It is not healthy, this refusal to allow our sexuality its proper recognition, judging from observations of our society. We are witnessing one alarming consequence of this seemingly senseless, ongoing attempt to deny or suppress human sexuality even in the face of the AIDS crisis. Decision-makers in our school system hesitate in forcing effective education about AIDS onto students and hesitate equally in allowing condom dispensers in school washrooms. These "educators" are dangerously proper in that they jeopardize the lives of students, rather than risk being accused of promoting sex in their schools. Yet at the same time, all Canadians are constantly being stimulated sexually through television, movies, books, music and fashion. It really is an amazingly bizarre situation. Our institutions, schools, prisons, churches etc. act to deny and suppress human sexuality, while the marketplace manipulates us by stimulating that suppressed sexuality. Ask yourself if you think our society's attitude toward human sexuality is a healthy attitude.

It may just be that Canada's federal prisoners are meant to play a small part in bringing common sense to bear on the entire matter of human sexuality in our society. I mean if we demand that the Correctional Service of Canada recognize our sexuality and if the Correctional Service of Canada having recognized that part of our nature, treated us humanely in accordance with our nature, then perhaps other institutions in our society would be encouraged to do the same for the people they exercise power over.

If any prisoner, or group of prisoners, or CSC employee wants to take up this cause, then I'll gladly help out.

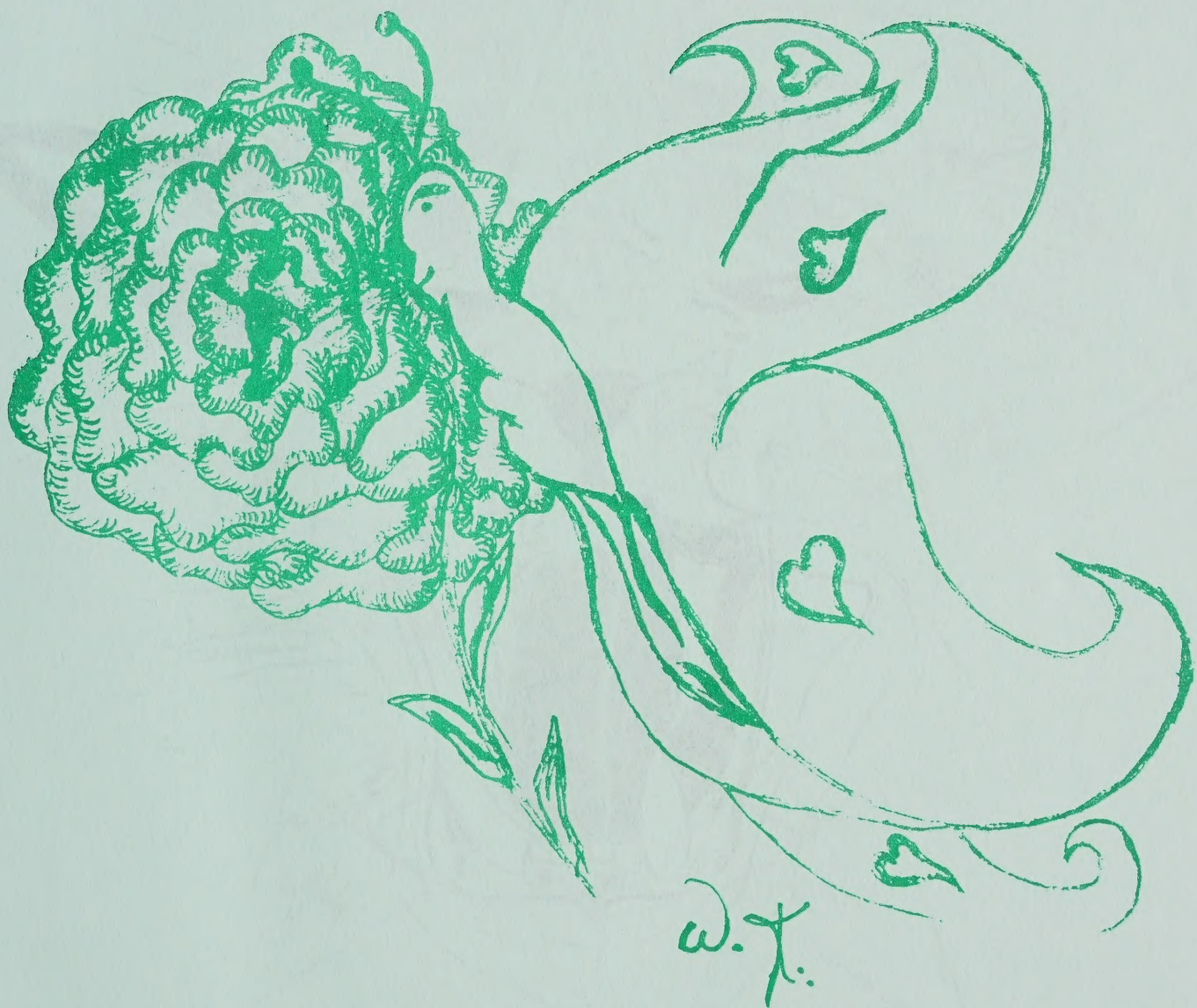
submitted by - Roy Glaremin

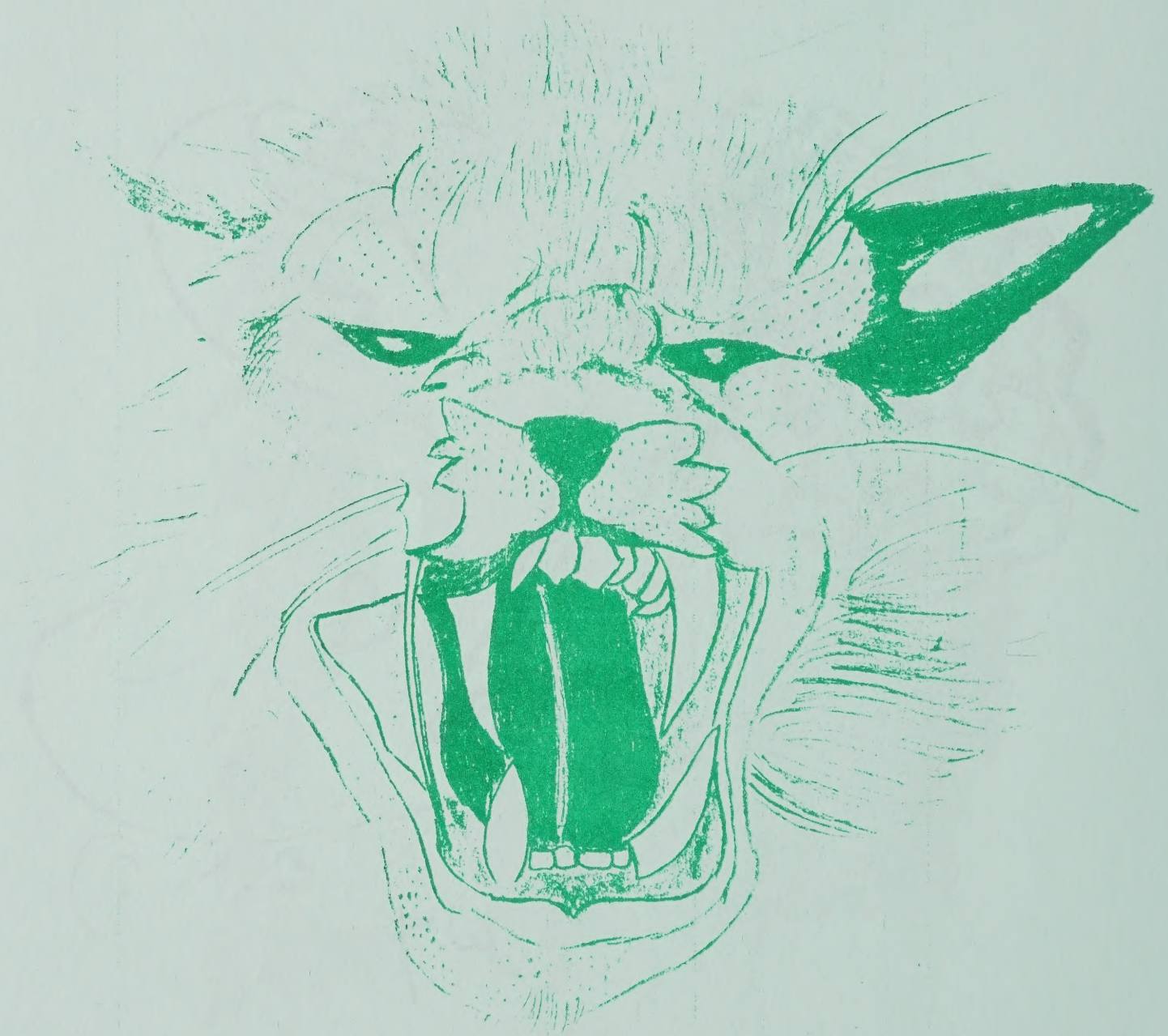
COLLINS BAY INSTITUTION

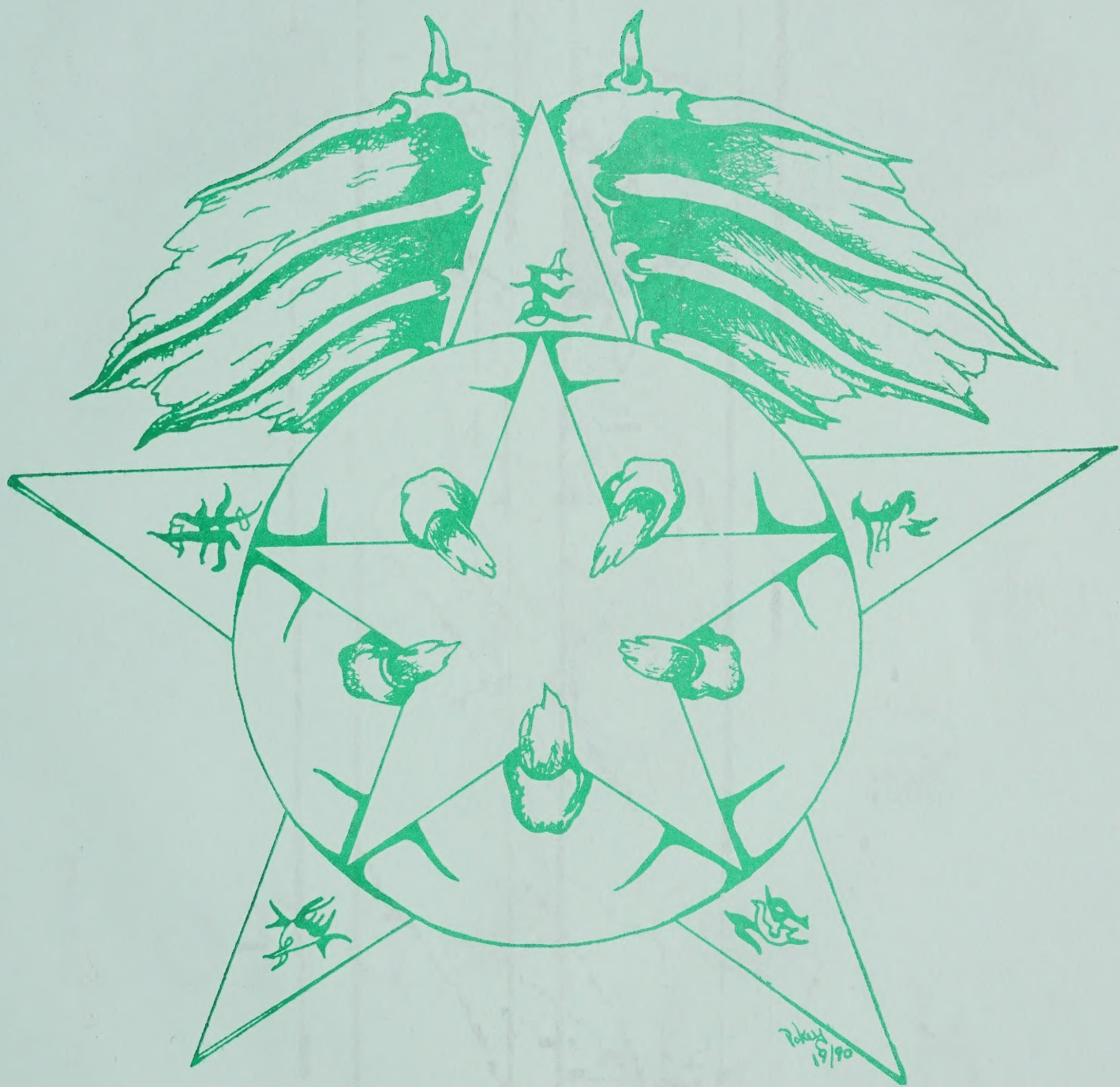




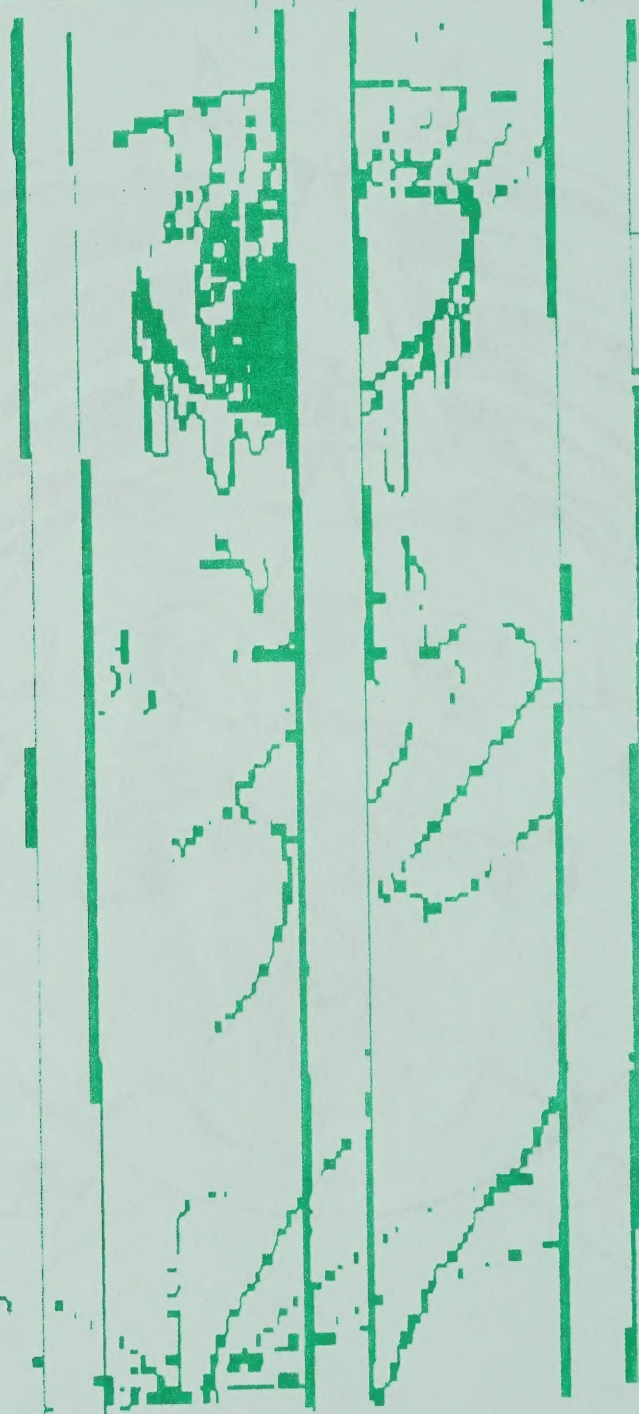
an adventure with art
from the inside







SEGREGATION



Diane Charron



Andy Gallagher - Ireland

as thomas mertins monks has it

Go into your cell and listen and your cell will teach you everything there is to know - your cell - your self.....

We have many ways to avoid being alone. We read, we smoke cigarettes, watch t.v., we stay busy. We keep on the move, running from ourselves.

Some of us even run from one healing workshop to another looking for teachers. When we find them, they tell us to be still, meditate. But we continue to scurry about, ask questions, take notes and buy new books, that we think will tell us how to find peace.

Which is o.k. It's part of the process. We each have a path to follow and we must do it our own way. Because sooner or later we stop smoking, turn off the t.v., stay home, sit still and listen.

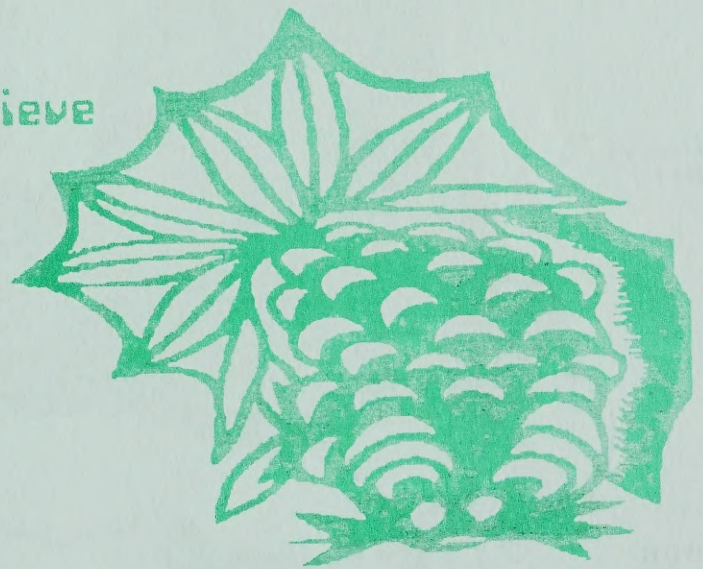
We discover how much we love being alone with ourselves. And little by little we find that as we learn that, as we become a good friend to ourself, we also become better friends to other people. We are able to sit and listen to them too..

today I will stop my business for awhile
and go into my cell and listen

shared lovingly - patrice o'donnell

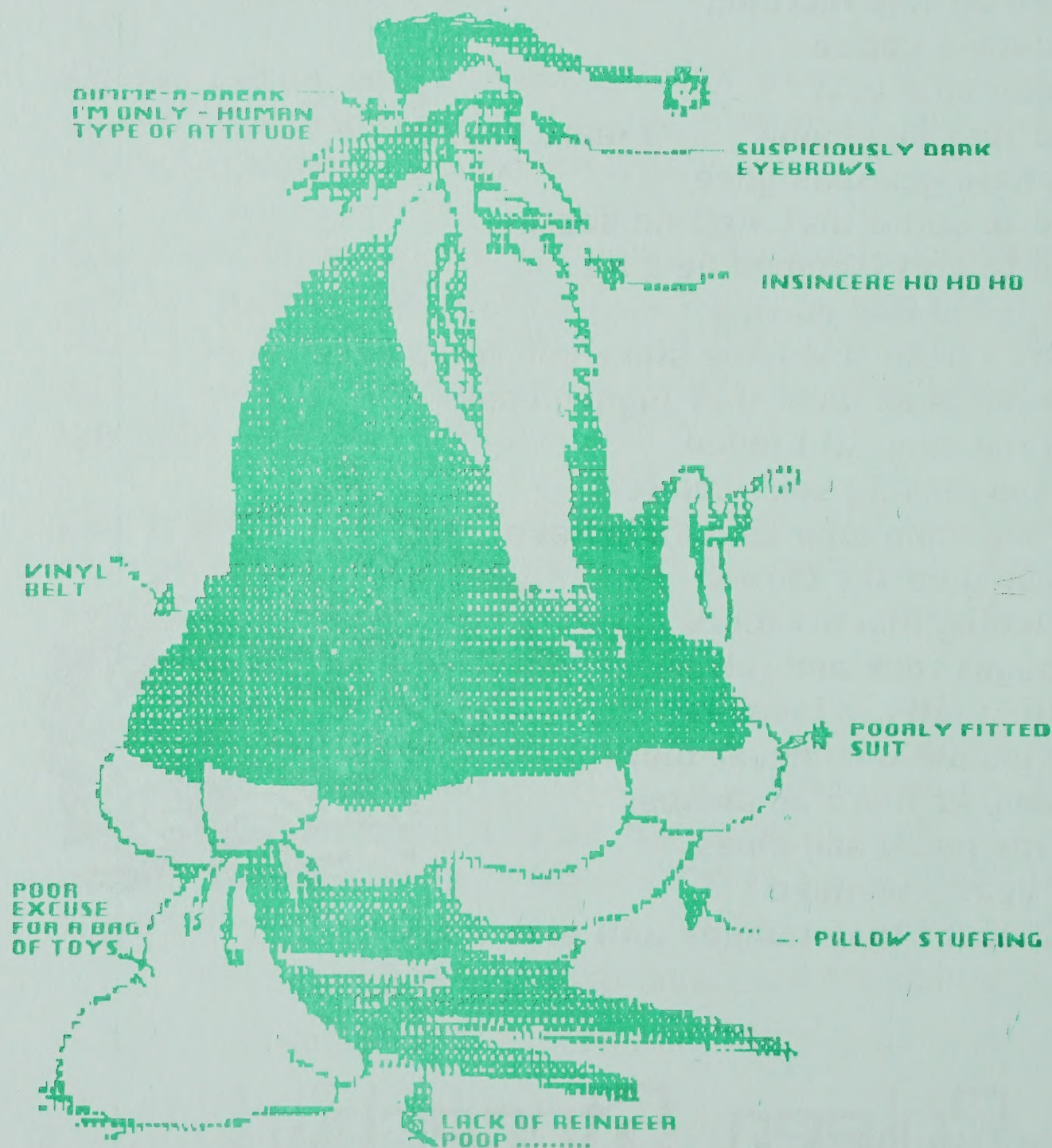
THE EDGE

Woke up this morning
Had me a coffee
Rolled up a butt
And just by chance a mere chance
Realizin you was gone
And to some that ain't no secret
And to alot it would be a lie
But, good God darling
It ain't been the same since you were gone
Cut me deep with that jagged edge
Cut me deep til I bleed
So I endlessly seek comfort
To someone who doesn't believe
Hanging on the corner
Watching Martha work
I caught rock and roll nurse
Selling pills in bundles
For people who never work
O baby is there an answer
To my pains and blues
My head's unglued
And doubt that tampex will ever work p4w



Coleen Stonechild

how to spot a false santa



to the fine ladies at P4W from the repressed men at Matsqui

solitude

the range is quite
nothing to do but think
I think of days I was free
then loneliness falls deep within me
I can hear myself screaming
loud inside me
for someone or something to set me free
tears slowly burn my eyes
suddenly there's a big lump in my throat
which makes it hard to swallow
the pain I feel in my chest is just like someone
jumped high into the air and onto my heart
now it's like I am smothering
although I am not, I wish I were
I slowly fall into deep sleep
I dream of freedom I once had
suddenly I am awakened and reality sets in
which is - "I am still here"



dedicated to Corkie my friend

how I arrow - Susie Bourchene

SISTERHOOD SPEAKS OUT





It's funny how I never thought much about her
How I took her for granted
Until I started seeking, searching, understanding

Now I see the destruction
The pollution, the killing of mother earth
I see the changes ... so drastic, yet insidious
Happening before our eyes, but we don't see it
Until much damage has been wrought

Mother earth gives us so much
And we take and take and take
But what have we given in return
It's time for the people to come
Together in unity
Come together to help save Mother Earth
Before it's too late

submitted by

murdoch

Sandy Paquachon



dedicated

to

Iris

departure

It's time to depart, but only for a moment
We will be hundred miles apart
But in heart we'll be close as ever
Our minds will be lonely,
But the soul will be filled of excitement

The days will turn to months
Which will go on to years
Summer, fall, winter and spring
Will go by in the flash of the mind

The sun will go around the earth
Once before we meet again
So my dear sis, think of
The departure
As bringing us closer

from your loving sister

melvina black

An Image

This is a waterfall

The cool, glistening water rushes over the jagged rocks

Falling with hisses and settling into a clear, calm pool

The trees on the bank are giving off a sweet scent of pine

The warm days wind whistles softly through their leaves and needles

You can hear birds chirping as they fly amongst the trees

The scene is punctuated by the screech of a hawk

As he soars on light wings circling overhead

There is a stillness which settles upon the water

As it circles within the pool and gently rolls down
it's path to nowhere

One gets a sense of utter peacefulness

while watching this act of nature

The refreshing air and mist kicked skyward

Settles down to unity

S.J.L. Melah-Lutan-Sask



S U I C I D E

dedicated to Theresa & Shirley from Grace - N.B.

Every year we lose several people young and old in our community to suicide.

We keep hoping it will stop, but so far it hasn't. I hear it's a national epidemic.

Every 90 minutes a person in this country commits suicide. This message is for everyone who is considering ending it

UNDERSTAND WHAT IS IMPORTANT AND WHAT IS NOT IMPORTANT

What you don't know is that 15 minutes after you decide to kill yourself, you might have felt better, or two hours later, or two days, or two years.

What you don't know is that you are stronger than you think. You can find another girlfriend, job, wife or husband or you can stand being shamed more than you realize.

Failing in school, work or getting into trouble with the law may be painful, but you can get over it. You can fix it. Don't be killing yourself over events you may barely remember in 10 years.

What you don't know is that suicide is sneaky, spiteful and filled with anger.

If you are thinking of suicide, you are furious with someone. You can be furious without killing yourself or thinking you need the punishment of death.

What you also don't know is that suicide is forever and nobody, not your parents, wife, husband, children or your doctor can fix. You won't be around for the funeral and most of all - you won't be coming back.

So get smart - find a therapist. Find a friend you can talk to. Lapse into sickness. Become as mad as dickens. Do your time in jail. But get off the suicide kick. Its a deadend - F O R E V E R



Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas

DO IT ALONE

Of the many hard lessons, that I had learned,
the hardest and the most painful now face me
That it is not possible in any vital matter to
rely on anyone. One must journey through his
life alone; to rely on others is to invite
heart break Lorraine Boudreau.....

thankful

Do I have anything to be thankful for especially now in my life

reality

I am at this very moment in a bare, cold stark cell and have been for over a year now

- * I'm completely cut-off from all my loved ones and old friends.
- * I have been stripped of most dignities and have absolutely no privacy in my life.
- * I am forced to adhere to many rules and regulations.
- * My days are filled with utter boredom.
- * I suffer great feelings of guilt over the pain, that has been caused to my loved ones.
- * I am extremely frightened and apprehensive of the future.

finally

The total loss of status with regard to not only society - but more devastatingly "family" is an extremely excruciating weight to bear.

cont....

however - miraculously

Because of all the foregoing - my values and goals seem all to have suddenly changed for the betterment of all concerned

- * What was once important is of no importance any longer.
- * Taking for granted is no longer within me.
- * I now look for only the good in others, rather than dwell on the bad.
- * I have now attained a great sense of tolerance toward others.
- * I have been privileged to befriend some special new friends in my life.
- * I now care "who you are" rather than what you may be.
- * I have a strong desire to show not only compassion but now understanding toward others.
- * I now live for the moment, rather than dwell on the past or worry about the future.

I still have a grave sense of the unknown left in my life....

Over the past year, my losses have been great, but my friend my gains have been greater.

I've come away with perception and a new direction in my life.....

Will I succeed in my new quest for life? Time will only tell, however it is insignificant, as simply having the desire and maintaining it, is far more important than achieving the end result

So you tell me - should I be thankful?

christina dawn (peorkie) boyland - nov.88 - provincial jail

TRUST ME



ROY

Bodnarchuk

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WON'T

DO IT

AGAIN !

tell it to the judge !!!

dear mother



Oh dear Mother, I miss you so
It was Gods will you had to go
I miss your smile your tender touch
I miss you mother so very much
I wished I'd of listened, I'm not here forever
But I thought you would stay and leave me never
Oh what joy you gave to me dear
These words that I say I hope you hear
And some day we'll meet again
For you are not lost my friend
And there'll never ever be another
So precious as you my darling Mother
I miss you, I love you, honest I do
And I will never forget you

toni brooker



francophones

Quartier du matin

Il dort le matin encore
Chausse de neige abrie de froid
Une volée aux yeux d'avoines noires
Rembellit ses paupieres ou deja
Les nuages ouvrent des lezardes aux lezards de soleil

Chenilles a poil
Rongeurs de bulustres
Culs de benitiers
Baise la piastra

Tous les guipons secs en ont pour leur suee

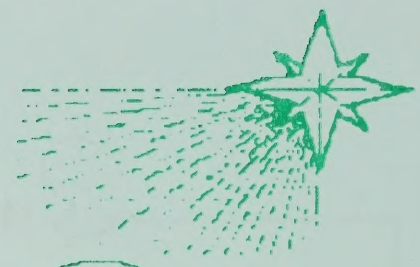
Le matin pour une escousse s'eveille
Ma rue oblique vers la vie l'accoutumance
D'offrir un petit reste du vieux gagne
Aux nuitards qui brumassent l'avant-midi
Mais les matous, les terrassiers, les ramoneurs ont la
tremblette

Les coqs de boucane lancent des petards en chaleur
Les criards enrhumés braillent du nez
Les torchons de glace aux gouttieres pissent de joie
La terre tourne et bavasse avec la ville

Le matin chomeur rode sur les toits pelote les chemins
Un jour de plus meme s'il frimasse
C'est la fete un grand aspir d'espoir

Les haines d'hier restent betes

Danielle Redmond



Anneau de Paix

j'ai passé les portes du froid
les portes de mon amertume
pour venir embrasser tes lèvres

ville a notre chambre
ou l'absurde marée du mal
laisse une ecume rassurante

anneau de paix je n'ai que toi
tu me reapprends ce que c'est
qu'un Etre Humain
a savoir si j'ai
des semblables.

soumis par

danielle Redmond



JOYEUX NOËL

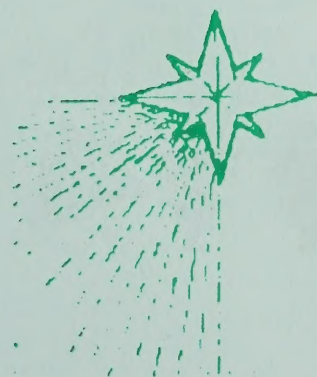
PAIX

Et

BONHEUR



Par (D.R.)



incest
survivors
commitment

victoriously proclaiming my total innocence
and discarding any shame or secrecy for
what was done to me

I joyfully and proudly reclaim my tendrous
love for my body which is sacred

my control over my full sexuality
my unconditional love for myself
my ability to rely on others
my connections with humans everywhere
my joy in my life
my unbounded intelligence

My complete power and visibility as a
woman with unlimited choice and impact
on the world

author unknown

UNDERSTANDING CHILD VICTIMS OF INCEST.....



We have touched upon sexual abuse and physical abuse but the most severe form of abuse has yet to be addressed - child sexual abuse by family members. This form of abuse has left a major part of the Canadian public struggling to find programs to deal with the survivors of such trauma. It is a very painful thing for a small, trusting little boy or little girl to cope with what is happening to them. For some the horrendous effects last a life time and they are never healed. Many foster children are survivors of abuse, not all suffered this form of abuse at the hands of an adult, who was to care for them. This is just one example.

The most severe kind of abuse is incest for children. I know - I've been there. When you are a little, small child and those you trust and love, take and stick larger objects into your smaller parts that hurt, the physical pain cannot be compared to the emotional hurt. Your tiny heart beats like a captured bird in your small chest and you don't understand what you have done so wrong to be hurt so much by those you call brother, sister, uncle, aunt or mom or dad. What happens to most children of incest is that they become misplaced adults. They cannot fit into society normally due to the fact that they cannot find joy or happiness into any of those things that the rest of society find such emotion in. Such occasions bring tears of frustration because they are family orientated and family to a survivor of incest means shame, hurt, confusion and withdrawal. Society becomes a place where you do not function very well. All the socialization is geared towards family and family means a different thing to a child of incest.

Most children withdraw and become "unconscientious" to the pain both in their bodies and mind. The brain cannot understand why the lungs are still breathing air and the blood's still rushing through the veins and the heart is still beating. The brain being such a wonderful computer of sorts, cannot accept this and so creates a split. These splits develop as a protection against abuse. Some survivors develop a disorder and they live in uncertainty. Despite the disorder - we survive the effects of incest.....

Therasa-Ann Glaremin



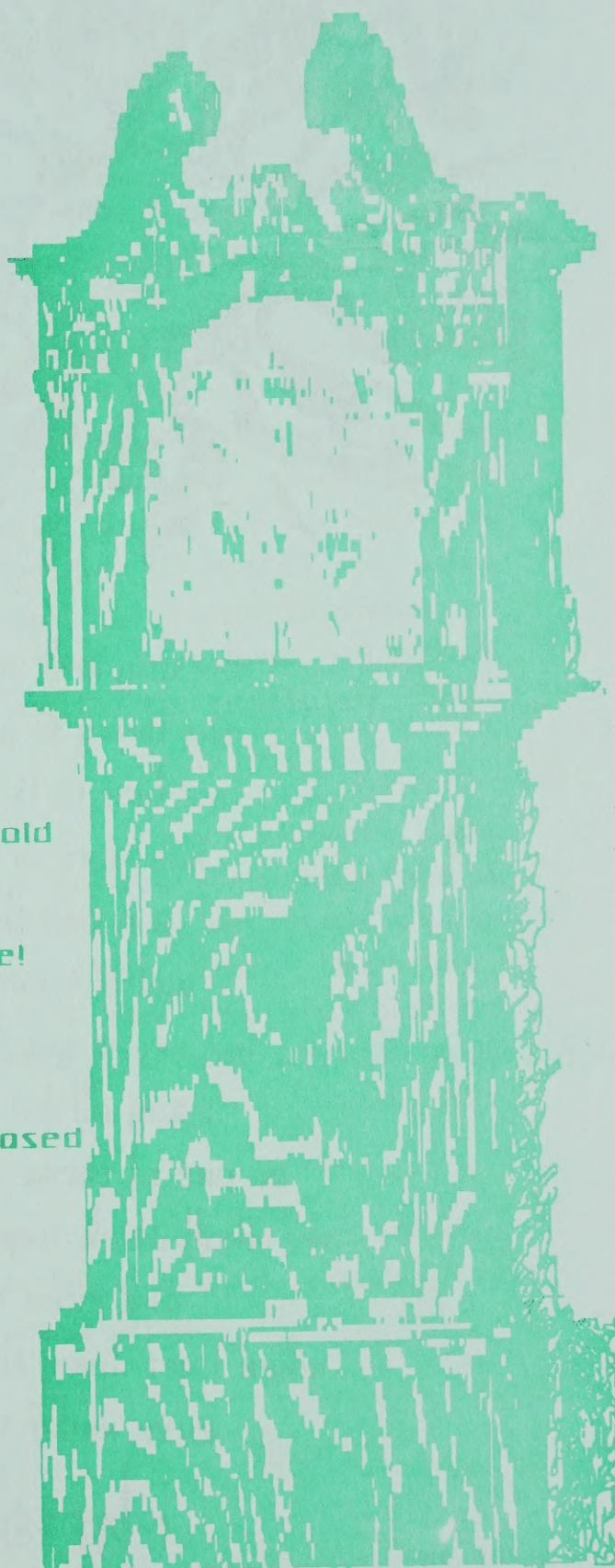
yonder wither summer sun
o'er aspen trees grown dark
but whence autumn cometh
it makes me runneth
to scratch my back on bark
whence september dusk grows
crisper still
with leaves all crimson colored
I yearn to shout and dance about
to hug and kiss my mother

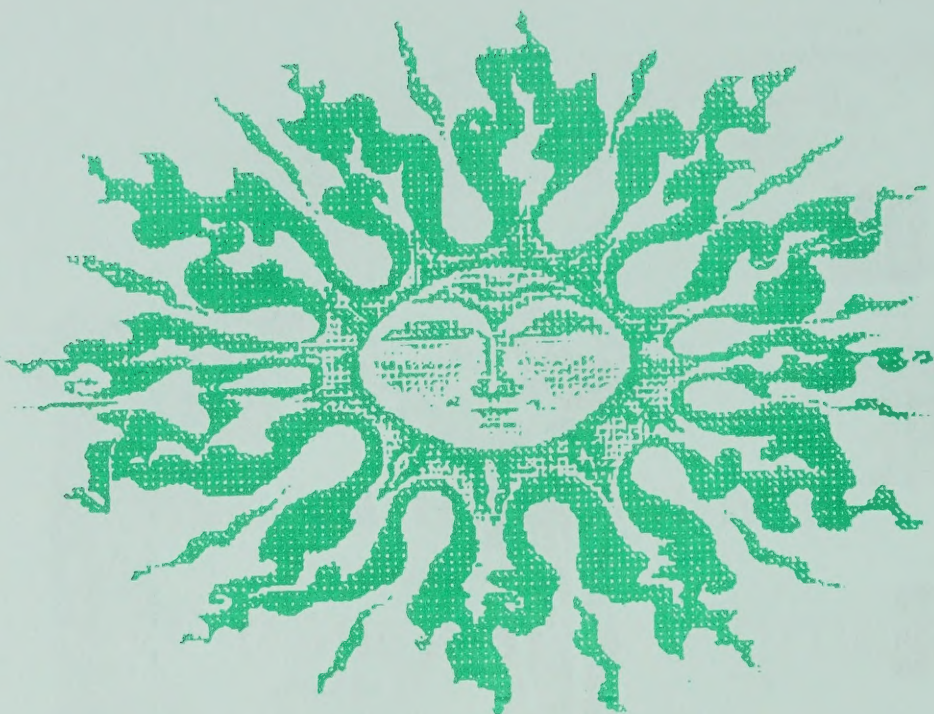
TIME GOES ON HEARTACHE STAYS

Time goes on, heartache stays
Life that was shared empty now
Ache that dulls with passing time
No! That's just a lie that I've been told
It doesn't go, it doesn't fade
Acceptance comes, but what a price!
Nothing seems quite the same
Fear has gone, panic suppressed
Emotions controlled, conditioning erased
No more tears!
But inside the pain's still there
Life goes on, time won't stand still
Living is all - or is it?

Holloway Prison

england





the golden sun

the day will come when we rejoice
but living in jail is not our choice
we live to live and we die to die
but more or less its just a lie
it's one thing to get drunk
and it's one thing to get high
but never again will we live that lie
i say all for one and one for all
so one of these days i'll give you a call
we shall stick together through thick or thin
and even though todays sin
when i get down there we'll have lots of fun
even under the golden sun

chris p. wattie

ONLY THE GOOD DIE YOUNG

On the 29th of September Janice Gamble was killed instantly in a crash when her car slipped over the meridian on the 401 on her way home. Most of the women here who knew Janice were shocked and once the idea of the tragedy set in, all the women here mourned the loss of someone near and dear to us. Some who didn't know her knew that she was the first woman in Canada to be given a 25 year sentence. Those of us who knew her also knew that she was the first woman to challenge that sentence under a new law and won her case after 13 years behind the limestone walls of The Prison for Women.

She was a warrior and a free spirit. I don't think that any of us who knew her will ever forget her. She had a way with people. If you were liked by her, you knew it. If you were not liked by her, you knew that too. She was the most up front person I had the pleasure to know inside here. Those of us who are left behind will always remember Janice for her honesty and her beautiful spirit.

In fond memory of Janice, we the women at the Prison for Women, let your spirit go tenderly and gently, as you have touched us all in your own way.

Therasa Ann
and the sisters of P4W

A very special and dear sister of mine - Theresa Frawley here at P4W, once told me to never reply fine when being asked how one is feeling. Theresa went on to explain why, which I would like to share with you. Enjoy

F U C K E D U P !

I N S E U R E

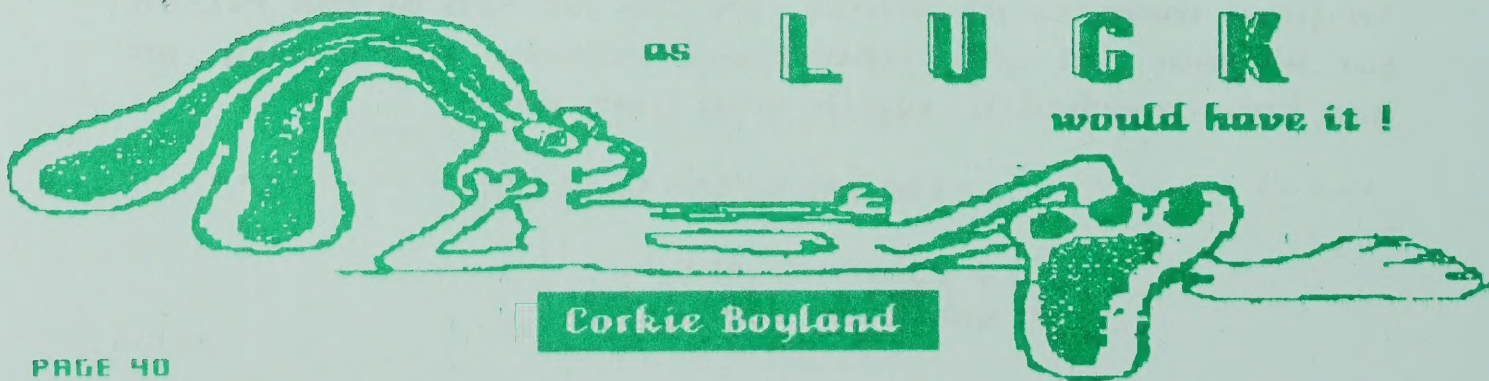
N E U R O T I C

E M O T I O N A L

Trust me to say fine but never again

as L U C K

would have it !



I
feel lonely
without
you



I sit here alone feeling so empty and alone
I think of you often every minute of the day
Wondering how you are - What you are doing
I sit remembering all we've shared
Dreaming of all that will be
And crying a tear for every minute we are apart
At times I tell myself I am strong
And the time will go quickly
Yet at others, I sit and cry wondering why love hurts this way
Though somewhere in the loneliness, somewhere in the emptiness
I find myself feeling very loved
And I realize that it's not the loving that hurts so much
Its being without you

dedicated to Chuck with all my love

geraldine hartie



thinking of you

As I sit here thinking of you
My heart suddenly doesn't know what to do
As we perch our selves in opposite pens
Will we ever see one another again
This is a question that worries me so
Only by law that I let you go
Nine years for you just two for me
But I know one day we're bound to be free
And my love for you shall never die
Our mistakes in life, I'll never know why
If you forget me, my heart will shatter
And nothing not nothing will matter
If things don't work for us in the end - one thing for sure
We'll always be friends
If one day you pass me by, I hope at least you stop
To say hi

toni brooker

CHILD ABUSE

NO MATTER WHICH FORM

is a very explosive issue - whether it be physical or sexual in nature - it will ultimately be coupled with EMOTIONAL ABUSE.

These innocent CHILD VICTIMS have not a chance in HELL to survive - let alone make something positive of themselves.

Over the past three years of my incarceration, time and time again these CHILD VICTIMS are now facing me in their adulthood serving time for crimes, they sometimes have little control over.

"It is easy to blame the parents" - is often a thought voiced, however I say "TELL IT THE WAY IT IS". Percentages prove beyond any reasonable doubt, the environment in which these prisoners were raised was a major contributing factor - that placed them behind the stark cold walls to begin with.

**Society Wake Up ! - give
your head a shake !!!**

If you are in possession of facts relating to CHILD ABUSE - for not only their sakes but YOUR sake act upon those facts and seek help

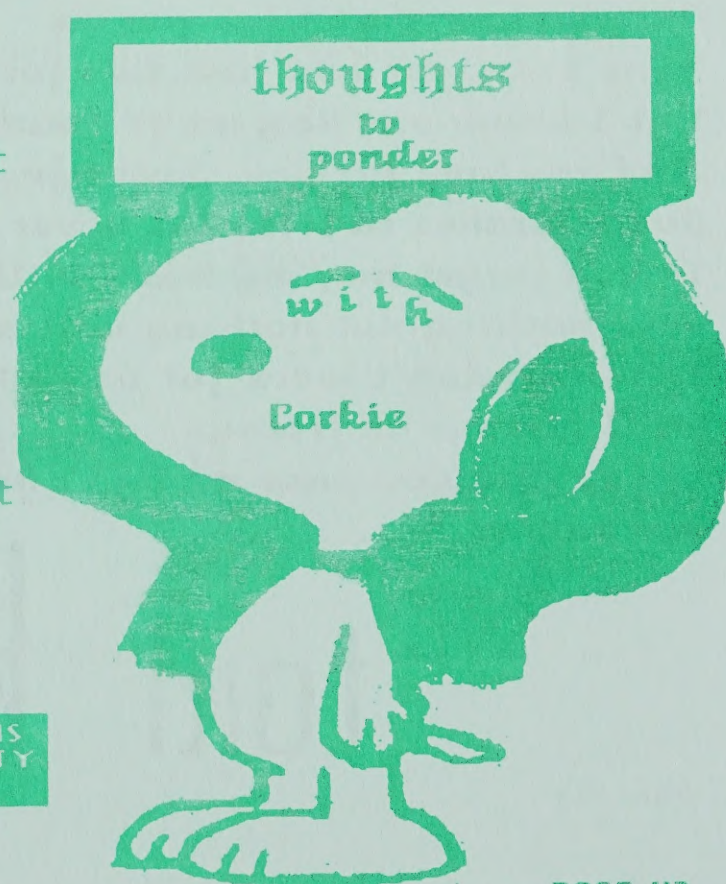
Remember - ABUSED CHILDREN will one day walk your streets, possibly in bitterness, hate, revenge and anger

And my friend - where does that leave you - safe in your world ?

I think not

**BE AWARE - OF THE ADVERSE REPERCUSSIONS
OF CHILD ABUSE - ULTIMATELY YOU - SOCIETY
WILL SUFFER**

**child abuse in any form
must not be acceptable**





thinking of you

As I sit here thinking of you
My heart suddenly doesn't know what to do
As we perch our selves in opposite pens
Will we ever see one another again
This is a question that worries me so
Only by law that I let you go
Nine years for you just two for me
But I know one day we're bound to be free
And my love for you shall never die
Our mistakes in life, I'll never know why
If you forget me, my heart will shatter
And nothing not nothing will matter
If things don't work for us in the end - one thing for sure
We'll always be friends
If one day you pass me by, I hope at least you stop
To say hi

toni brooker

about eight by nine

my cell that is eight by nine feet
after the furniture you're talking three by four
four by three with a pisspot, a bin and Gary Davis
on radio one that is Gary Davis on radio one
and a big ugly iron door painted blood-red
and a picture board and a desk with Rev. and
revolution and evolution that is in the twentieth century
and my book shelf where Rev. and Er. should be
and the chair beside my locker
the big locker that is a new one with no front
and the bedside the small locker
with another picture board used as a headboard
for my bed that is a headboard for my bed
i keep my bed beside the pipes and hang my towels there
they make a lot of noise at night you know
the pipes that is

john loughrey

long kesh-ireland

earth lover

once I ran like the Doe across the land where I was born
my legs strong from the many trips I'd taken to the forest
tall and brave my Earth Lover

I listened to the many secrets told to me by the majestic trees
where the wind sang like angels and devils to my spirit
the whisperings of times to come when they would not be able
to help me

My Earth Lover

I turned golden by the kiss of the sun
and bathe in the tears of

My Earth Mother

the sea who called night and day for me not to go
but I was young and foolish and

chose to run after things I could never have
now encased in a concrete, cardboard fantasy

where the things of my youth come to me

I hear what my Earth Lover tried to tell me

Deep in my body, my heart strings play the song of my spirit
the voice of my Earth Father comes like the beat of my heart
telling me "a captured doe will not last long -
in a concrete, cardboard forest



On A More Positive Note

Sometimes in the big penal system good things happen as well. There is so much negativity in the system that positive occurrences often are overlooked. Well I am here to tell you that there are positive things that happen at the Prison for Women.

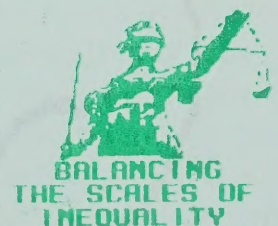
On the 15th of November 1990, Tammy Lynn Papin was acquitted of the charge of 2nd degree murder. Tammy a young 24 year old native woman from out west had been a victim of severe abuse all of her young life. It was a landmark ruling for women everywhere who might find them selves in the same situation that Tammy found herself in one night.

When you are a survivor of a child sexual abuse things are not the same as they might be for a normal person. Everyone reacts differently to things and to the degree that they have been impacted upon one. So it must be when rendering decisions regarding victims of abuse. It is only right that the government, through the justice system, correct some of the mistakes it has allowed its citizens to suffer. Right on Tammy.

We all stood by you and we all prayed for a change of hearts in those that stand in judgement of us. We all wish you the very best of what life has to offer on your road to society. We hope and pray that you will forgive society for the wrongs they have done to you because they finally saw you for the things that you are. We celebrate your happiness with you and we will all miss your dancing when you go. Little Running Feather keep your spirit strong.

From all the sister at The Prison for Women we send you on your way with good health, happiness, help and understanding.

May these prayers guide you in your journey.



Sheresa Ann
(Little Running Water)

WHAT DO YOU MEAN
MY CHRISTMAS
PASS
IS CANCELLED !



W. P. S. N.

FOR

A

WORLD

WITHOUT

BARs !

The Wimmin Prisoners' Survival Network is a Toronto based collective of six wimmin whose focus is to provide information for and by wimmin in prison, to open channels of communication and to network with wimmin inside and out. We also publish a newsletter.

Over the past year, we have been focusing our energy on organizing ourselves and determining our direction. During that time we have also worked on other projects.

In the spring of this years, w.p.s.n. was approached by the wimmin's press to write a piece about wimmin in prison for their 1991 datebook. The focus of the 1991 datebook was wimmin and poverty - how it affects our lives, etc. The article was entitled "Prison and Poverty: The Bottom Line". We were also given space for three quotes, three pieces of art and a photo. Through contacts with Corkie, the editor of TIGHTWIRE, we obtained three pieces of art from wimmin at P4W. Corkie also put us in touch with Bonny Walford, who wrote "Lifers", for the photo of the A range that accompanies the article.

The wimmin of W.P.S.N. would like to thank Corkie, Bonny, Johnny Neudorf, Mary Stewart, Pokey Judge and Sunday and Michelle from the Wimmin's Press for their help and patience.

We've also spent time this past year organizing a film night in support of the "Resistance Conspiracy" six, a group of american anti-imperialist activists who have been charged with seditious conspiracy.

We've also been doing support work around the Grapo members on hungerstrike over the prison conditions in Spain.

W.P.S.N. - BOX 770, STATION P, TORONTO, ONT., M5S 2Z1

Cont.....

During Prison Justice Day, we participated alongside other groups and individuals by postering, hanging large information banners about Prison Justice Day and prison conditions and doing an interview on CIUT (University of Toronto) Radio. The interview with Corkie was aired on Prison Justice Day and went very well. WE hope to have more voices from P4W heard on this radio station in the future.

We appreciate this opportunity to write about what we've been doing since our last newsletter. We hope to have the next newsletter out in the new year and invite wimmin to send submissions of articles, artwork, poems etc. We would also like to hear from wimmin inside what kind of information you would like in the newsletter. What do you want to know about, read about?

We would like to establish more contact with wimmin inside. The walls of prisons are meant to silence and we, as wimmin, are meant to be silent. Inside or out, our strength comes from taking back our power and breaking that silence. We can do that by helping and sharing with each other in whatever ways we can.

W.P.S.N. would like to thank Corkie for all the help she's been over the past year and for giving us this opportunity to share what we've been doing and thinking with the readers of TIGHTWIRE.

thank you

kindly written by the wimmin from W.P.S.N.

Editor's note :-

It was my personal pleasure to meet one of the caring wimmin from W.P.S.N. last month at a Pow wow here at Prison For Women - Sandra.....

I've known Sandra for over a year now and have the greatest respect and regard for this exceptional lady.

I wish Sandra and her counterparts at W.P.S.N. every success in the new year and trust we will continue to work closely with one another - the prisoners within.....

Take care Sandra - because I care - Corkie

The saga of SILVIA

The court house was of sad faces that day
When the judge spoke up, he said, "I'm putting you away"
My family was crying, when they sent me to jail
I knew there was no chance of me getting out on bail
It only goes to show, don't break the law or resist arrest
It's already taught me money can't buy happiness
Now I am here and trying my best
Can't wait to go home to have a good rest
I'll make an honest living this time in the fish plant
Because I'm never coming back to this prison, "I can't"
I'm thinking of a legal living this time
Instead of sitting home committing a crime

by Sylvia Ross

I gotta be me. 
oh I just gotta be me... 



THE CASTLE TO BE CLOSED

BY EFFORTS OF ELIZABETH FRY AND THE TASK FORCE

The days are numbered for the Medieval castle called The Prison For Women. The efforts by Bonnie Diamond and Sally Willis of Elizabeth Fry are to be commended in the push for reform regarding federally sentenced women in Canada. Although there were rumors that the women would lose their rights in the provinces, I think we all lost sight of the fact, that the new units for women in the provinces are to be Federal ones and therefore ruled by Federal regulations. The Task Force have worked with the women here over the years for viable solutions to the problem of disparity between the provinces and federally sentenced women. I do not agree with the building of new prisons, but I do support the right for women to stay in their home provinces.

The Elizabeth Fry Society have taken the consensus of the women here and struggled to make a change in the way women did their sentences. I cannot see this being any worse than what we have now. This is the first time in the history of Corrections in Canada that women will have the same rights as men in their own provinces. The only concern we all have is where they are going to bunk the P.C.s and the high risk prisoners. We do not want a repeat of the multi-level stratification that has existed here at P4W since 1934. We know that this system doesn't treat prisoners fairly and we hope that preferential treatment will be done away with when we are housed in these new units.

Due to efforts of Elizabeth Fry we are going to see changes for the better for Federally sentenced women in Canada. But instead of building more prisons why can't we try co-corrections. Instead of five small prisons spread sparsley across Canada, we can be encumbered in every providence where a prison already exists. In any event most of us here are very positive about having our rights as federal prisoners become a reality in the provinces thanks to the hard work and time consuming efforts of Elizabeth Fry.

Theresa-Ann Gloremin



GREETINGS FROM

TIGHTWIRE PUBLICATIONS

TIGHTWIRE is a quarterly publication with a paid subscription and circulates across Canada and regions beyond. Our magazine is produced and printed in its entirety here at Prison For Women in Kingston, the only Federal Institution for women in Canada and has been in existence for approximately ten years. Because of these factors making our publication "UNIQUE" we are extremely effective with our readership, thus lending importance and creditability to our publication.

We feature many interesting articles and will begin to display original artwork all initiating from prisoners within the system. Other articles which are featured at times are controversial and quite timely with respect to current affairs and at the same time provide a little humor for your enjoyment.

Due to circumstances beyond our control re spiraling over-head costs etc., we find ourselves still in financial difficulties and in the midst of a on-going campaign to initiate new funding to enable us to continue to publish TIGHTWIRE.

WE THEREFORE NEED YOUR PAID SUBSCRIPTION TO KEEP US AFLOAT

Christina (corkie) Bayland
EDITOR



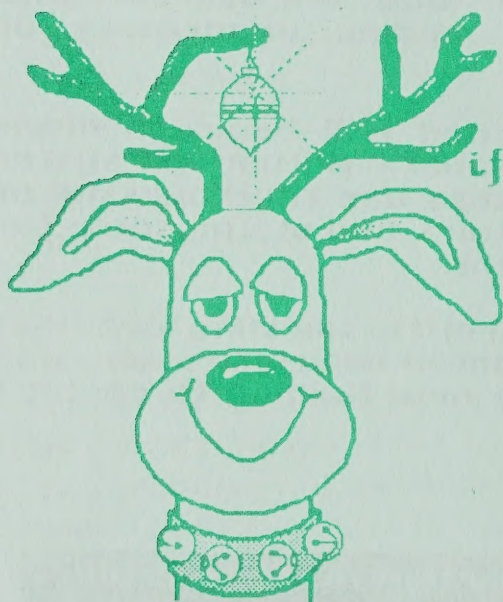
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P.O. Box 515, Kingston, Ontario
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T I G H T W I R E

TIGHTWIRE

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to survive !**



**if you have come to help me
you are wasting your time
if you have come because your liberation
is bound up with mine
then let us work together**

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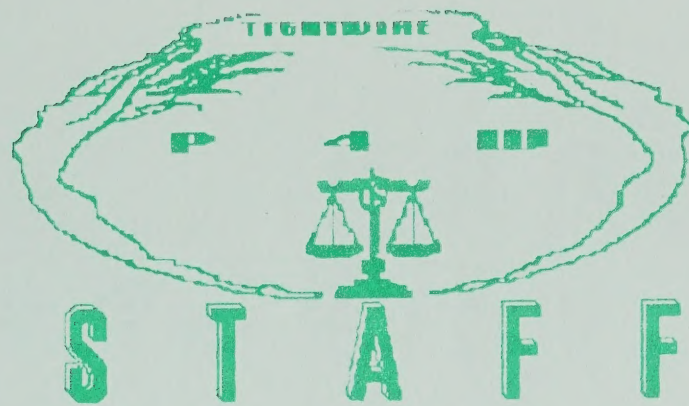
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IN APPRECIATION TO SISTERS IN POPULATION FOR PRINTING & ASSEMBLY

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TIGHTWIRE is a quarterly publication by the federal Prisoners at the Prison For Women in Kingston, Ontario, Canada. All material is subject to censorship by the Administration prior to printing.....

OVER 90% OF CONTENT WITHIN THIS PUBLICATION TOGETHER WITH ALL TYPESETTING, LAYOUT AND DESIGN WORK INCLUDING THE PRINTING IS DONE WITHIN THE WALLS OF P4W BY THE POPULATION

M E R R Y

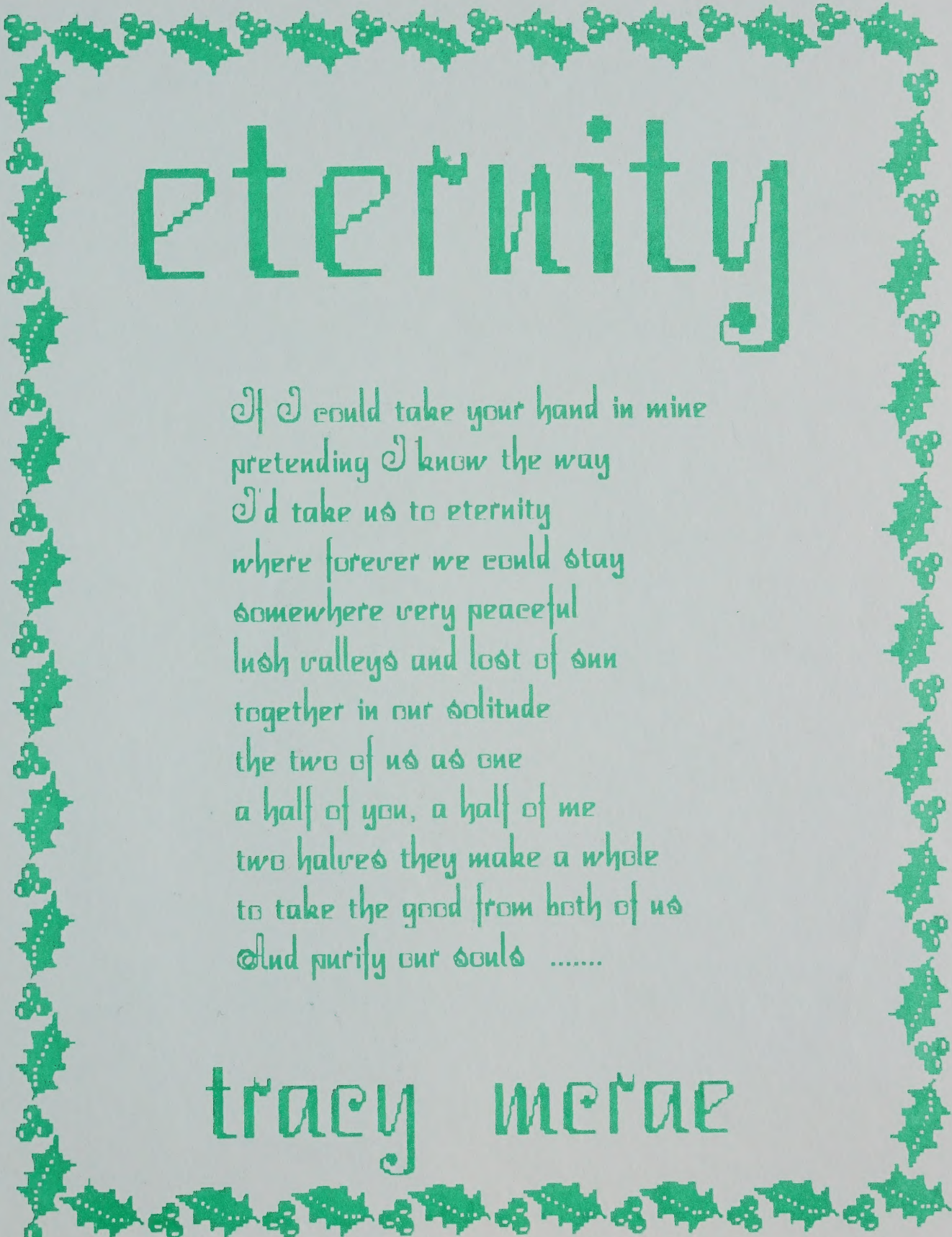
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Pittsburgh * Quinte * Springhill *
Saskatchewan Penitentiary * Stony Mountain *
Thunder Bay Institution * Metro East *
Twin Maples * Vanier * William Head *
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**Prison for Women
(P4W)**

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*** * * * PRISONERS ALL OVER THE WORLD * * * ***



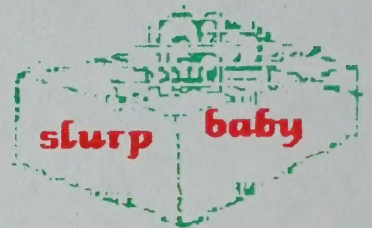
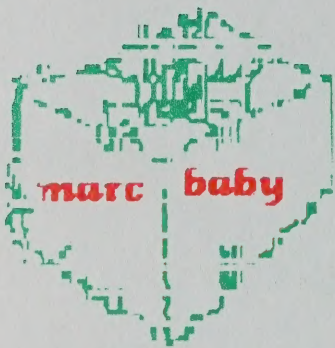
eternity

If I could take your hand in mine
pretending I know the way
I'd take us to eternity
where forever we could stay
somewhere very peaceful
lush valleys and lost of sun
together in our solitude
the two of us as one
a half of you, a half of me
two halves they make a whole
to take the good from both of us
And purify our souls

tracy merae

prisoners

christmas



wishes

* someone to love

* phone call home

* untroubled spirit

* solidarity

* peace of mind

* no discrimination

* no cruel & unusual
punishment

* happiness

* forgiveness

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